THE SCEPTRE

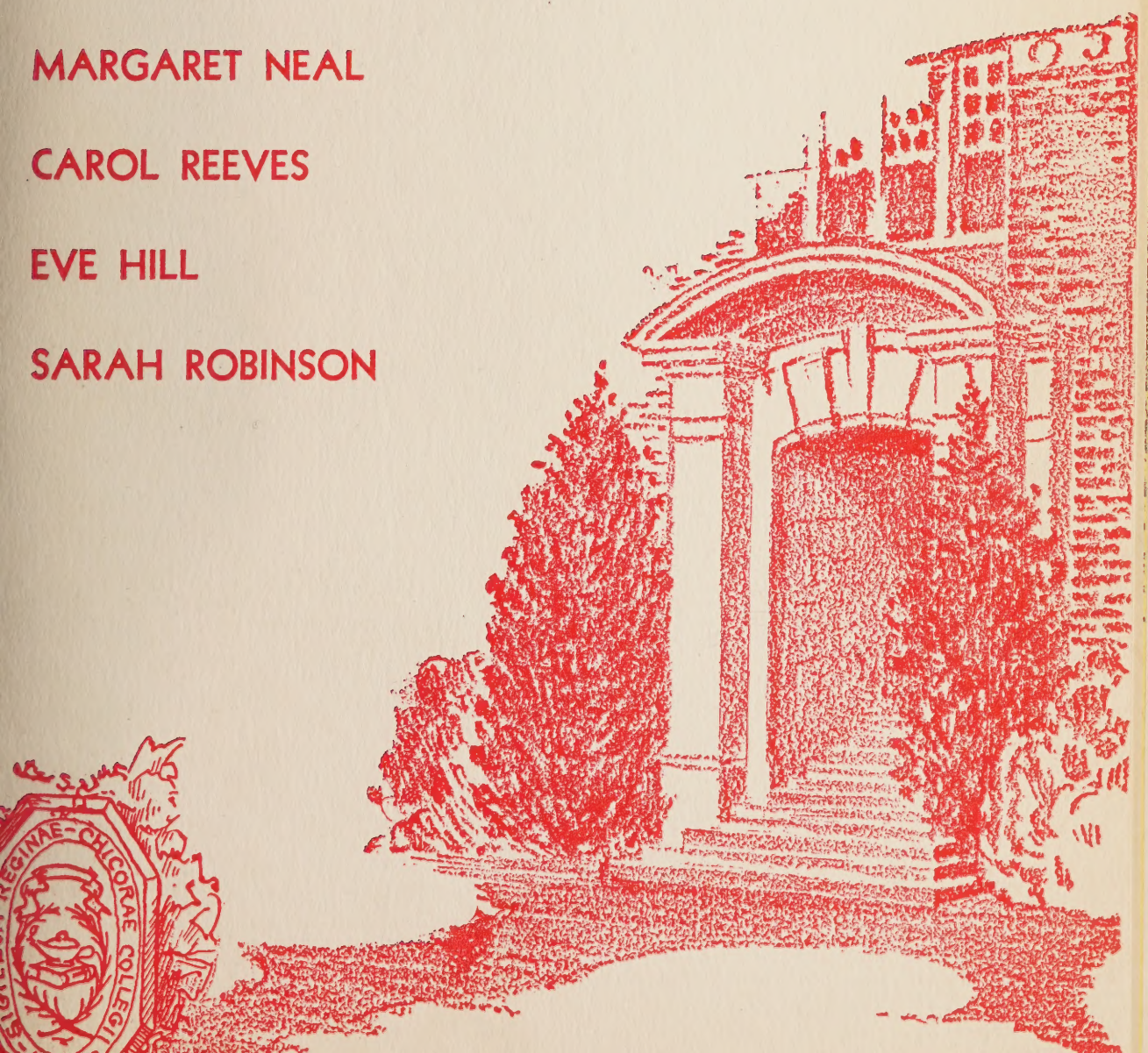
MAY 1933

MARGARET NEAL

CAROL REEVES

EVE HILL

SARAH ROBINSON



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The SCEPTRE

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CONTENTS

	Page
Editorial	2
Shakespeare's Debt to Rome — *Margaret Neal*	3
Plea for Cremation, *Poem* — *Carol Reeves*	6
Cowboy Campmeeting — *Eve Hill*	7
Queens' News Stand — *Mary Dee McMullen*	11
The Poetry of Poe, *A Phantasy* — *Sara Jane Robinson*	12
America's Debt to Galsworthy — *Dorothy Foard*	14
Preferences of a Librarian	16

It is over. It is finished. 1932-33 is checked off the calendar. But how much have we accomplished? A new form of student government has been inaugurated, which from its beginning promises to be a solution to many pressing problems. In its initial workings it has been a bit creaky perhaps, but nevertheless effective. This year started it, but several more will be needed to complete the work. Several years and the loving care of all the students. More intangible is the new feeling that has developed between the students and toward the school. There is more tolerance, more understanding, more desire to look at the other side of the question, more sympathy with the opposition. The seed was not planted this year, but almost in the dark it grew until this year all saw the strong healthy bud which needs only nurture to encourage it to bloom gorgeously. 1932-33 has given us a creed to live by, a goal to strive toward. It is the concrete embodiment of the ideals of all. It is a thing to be guarded jealously lest a contaminating breath spoil its beauty and simplicity.

And not only, Seniors, 1932-33, but four long years are completed. We have served our turn. We move on to make room for others. Four long years of study and pleasure. We are glad we are going, yes. One is always glad of a task well done. Yet not altogether glad, there is something sad in the finality of this parting. A certain part of our lives is irrevocably gone. Something we have looked forward to has passed. But no maudlin tears, it was fun in the passing.

1932-33 has been a year of fire separating the gold from the dross. It has been a year of fundamentals, a year of putting first things first. When all the world is at the bottom and things can sink no lower, it is time to begin anew, to build again. These things we have started this year are only a part of a foundation that is to underlie the structure of our college. A new way has been pointed. It is for those who remain to carry on the building, to take the road.

—The Editor.

Shakespeare's Debt To Rome

Margaret Neal

It is impossible to estimate how much our art as well as our civilization owes to Rome. Even those of us who have not made a study of the ancients are aware of the fact that we are much indebted to them for our law, but not that our debt is even greater to their literature. The fact that the mimetic instinct and the passion for drama are universal explains why our instinct for drama is our earliest inheritance for literature. The culmination of early drama developing in Rome is in Plautus and Terence, the most famous of ancient dramatists, and as well known to students of literature as is Shakespeare himself.

All of Plautus' plays are full of intrigue and complications arising from disguise, mistaken identity, and strange coincidences; of incidents of eating, drinking, and wenching; of dialogue piquant with retorts, puns, and proverbs; of illustrations from the manifold walks of life; of vivid prologues; all serve as models to be copied with a great deal of similarity by Shakespeare. Plautus who lived from 254-184 B.C., drew his plots from contemporary life and filled them with great interest in character, as did Shakespeare many centuries later. The Roman writer drew from many sources, both Greek and Roman, while the English writer drew from even a greater range of sources. The originality of both lay not in plot but in treatment. The Plautian plays, despite Greek setting and characters, usually called by Greek names, are filled with Roman customs and institutions; Shakespeare's plays, though set in Italy and containing characters called by Italian names, are essentially English. Plautus employing two men exactly alike in the use of mistaken identity in his *Amphitrua* is copied by Shakespeare in *Comedy of Errors.* Alomena, the heroine of the same play is accused like Desdemona in Othello, of infidelity to her husband. The *Alularia* or *The Play of the Hidden Pot of Gold* contains in Euclia one of the most famous misers in literature, who is very much like Shakespeare's Shylock. In the *Captivi* or *Prisoners of War,* Plautus uses disguise—a master as the servant and the servant as the master; Shakespeare, too, uses disguise, as for example, Rosalind as a boy in *As You Like It,* Kent as a servant in *King Lear,* and the Duke as a friar in *Measure for Measure.* From the same play the relation and the affection of master and slave is copied in many of Shakespeare's plays, as for example, the affection and familiarity between Orlando and his old servant, Adam, in *As You Like It.* In the

Shakespeare's Debt To Rome

Rudens or the Rope, we find an atmosphere of romance and poetry like that in *The Tempest* and *The Winter's Tale;* the description of a ship-wreck in an angry sea, and of a rock-bound coast are especially effective.

The *Menarchmi,* or *The Indistinguishable Brothers* is a great triumph of fun. Its uproariously funny situations, remarkably skillful dialogue, the mistaken identity prove well managed, and twin brothers as like "as water to water," Shakespeare copies almost identically in his *Comedy of Errors.* The whole plot and its development are very similar except for the fact that Shakespeare has two sets of twins or "doubles" while Plautus has only one set. Characters in *The Bacchides, Miles Gloriosus, Mastellaria,* and *Pseudolus* remind one of "Faga" in Shakespeare's *Othello,* because of their dependence on lies, brazen in audacity.

Still further general similarities between the two may be found. Plautus, like Shakespeare, was early associated with the stage as an actor. The Roman cared as little for historical and geographical correctness as Shakespeare cared; it mattered as little to him whether Thebes had a harbor as it mattered to Shakespeare whether Bohemia had a coast. Plautus and Shakespeare are alike masters of stagecraft and possess the same joy in living, interest in man, exuberance of spirits and language, and the same triumphant recklessness. The parasites in all Plautus' plays with their witty sayings, puns, and buffoonery remind one of some of the servant class of characters in Shakespeare's plays; for example, Elbow, Pompey, and Mistress Overdone in *Measure for Measure.* Finally both wrote for the stage plays to be acted, not read.

Publius Terentius, better known as Terence (195-159 B.C.), offers the same type of comedy as does Plautus, but his spirit is different. The whole tone of his plays, his characters, and his language, are more refined, subtle, and human. His style is the perfection of lightness and clearness, and his humor is of the quiet, gentle type. His classic purity had a great influence on literature, and Shakespeare looked to him for refinement of style and as a model for his pure romantic comedy.

To find the classical model for Shakespeare's tragedy, we must turn to Seneca, a later Roman tragedian, who, like Plautus and Terence,

also imitated the early writers of Rome. Seneca, because of his melodramatic quality was the classic dramatist par-excellence for the Elizabethans. Between Seneca and Shakespeare there is a great deal of similarity. Shakespeare always complies with the traditional five acts of Seneca; with the use of choruses as in *Midsummer Night's Dream.* The long soliloquies concerning fate, death, or retribution, or life in general seen in Shakespeare's tragedies, Hamlet, Lear, Macbeth, and Othello, are typical of Seneca. Seneca's heroes are usually in conflict and are always accompanied by an advisor—usually some faithful friend for the hero and a nurse for the heroine; this device is familiar in Shakespeare, as for example in *Romeo and Juliet.* In addition to resemblances to Seneca in general theme—sensational, bloody stories of adultery, incest, and murder, accompanied by retribution, revenge, and the supernatural, we find in *Macbeth* and *Richard, III* a more specific resemblance. Lady Macbeth's cry that all the perfumes of Araby cannot take the stain of blood from her hands is very like the cry of the hero of Seneca's *Hercules Furens* who awakes to find that he has murdered his wife and children. *Richard, III* has definite Senecan traces; the opening scene with Clarenee's ghost gibbering, long passages of line-for-line repartee, and a typical Senecan tyrant in *Richard, III.* In *Titus Andronicus,* the most Senecan of Shakespeare's plays, the passages in Act II, 11.150-156 are modeled on Seneca's *Troades,* and also contains two Latin quotations directly from Seneca's tragedies.

Shakespeare's Debt To Rome

It is interesting to note that the Roman influence reached Shakespeare, too, through the later Italian imitators of the classic writers. The *Decameron* of Boccaccio furnishes the love story of *Cymbeline* and the plot for *All's Well.* The plot for *Much Ado* is found in Bandello, and Cinthia's *Hecatommithi* furnishes the original plots of *Othello* and *Measure for Measure.* Sir Giovanni Fiorentio in his *Il Pecorni* gives Shakespeare the bond story for *The Merchant of Venice.* The story of Arisdanto and Geneva in Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso* resembles that of Hero in *Much Ado,* and the description of a storm in the same work is much like that in *The Tempest.*

Thus we see that Roman influence upon our literature has survived many ages and seems likely to survive as long as men love and read Shakespeare.

Plea for Cremation

Thrust not
The thing that once was me
Into some earth-dug pore,
To lie in twisted whiteness there,
When I shall be no more.

I think
My far-fled soul would break
The deathless law of God,
To strain against the muted wood,
And loose the stifling sod.

So this
I ask of those I leave;
This—my final plea—
Let me, flaming, whirl to space,
In my entirety.

—Carol Reeves.

Cowboy Campmeeting

Eve Hill

It was the last of August many years ago. A band of dusty pioneers circled their covered wagons in the spot picked out for them by the scout. The beauty of the location was lost upon them for they were weary. Some of them had been traveling all the way from Virginia, Tennessee, and Carolina, the others had joined in along the way for protection. And so tonight as soon as the "chuck wagon" had been relieved of some of its food and the horses hobbled, prayers were said and watches were set for the night. Presently the only sound was the crackle of a dying fire and the intermittent crunching steps of the first guard as they kept sharp lookout for any shapes silhouetted against the surrounding moon-bathed rims, which would mean Indians and immediate danger.

By daylight the camp was stirring. The plan was to get a much-needed supply of water from a likely place which had been scouted out the night before. Huge boulders covered a mountain ridge and jutted out perpendicularly to the broken trail; it was the water which had been caught and held in the crevaces of these boulders that the men wanted. However, during the night the Indians had slipped along this ridge, which was some distance from the night camp and met the pale-faces with a volley of poison-tipped arrows. There was nothing to do but to turn the lumbering wagon train about and go back to the spot on which they had camped the night before and dig for water. Fortunately one of the party had the gift of "witching" for water; this one immediately got out his pronged peach switch and started walking across the ground with the ends of the prong held in each hand. Walking slowly, slowly, watching the switch, he had gone almost a quarter of a mile and was almost ready to give up that course to start in another direction when suddenly the handle of the forked switch, of its own accord, turned straight down, almost pulling itself out of the witcher's hand. Water! at last. It gushed from the crude hurriedly-dug well in a heavy stream. In all their journey these valiant people had never struck such a pure well of cold clear water. Soon the brack water in the barrels was replaced by fresh gurgling water.

The enforced delay was not so unwelcome to the women who realized that they would soon be parting. In a day or two each family broke away from the group to section off a ranch and begin the arduous labors of building, out of the vast unending stretches, a home and

a fortune. They did not want to lose contact with those with whom they had grown to love through months of shared sorrows, hardships, and travel.

Cowboy Campmeeting

After much enthusiastic debating between children and grown people, they decided to meet again every year for one week between the end of the summer work and the beginning of the fall round up, the time of the full moon of August. But where? One old timer, who had killed many an Indian, interested in the practical side, said, "What's wrong with this place? It's got plenty of the best water I ever drank, and it's safer for the women and children because you men can see the red skin 'fore they see you. Good grazing for the horses, too." And so it was agreed.

For many years from all parts of Arizona, near Mexico and Texas, these cattlemen, with their families, and the cowboys came back every year to this beautiful shallow sunk in the peaks of one of the ridges of the Rockies. It was here that they met to trade and to talk over the year's experiences. Every man, from the baby boys who had to have their overalls hemmed deeply to make them short enough, had his lasso or lariat! During the day, while the ladies were gossiping, the men roped goats, calves, rabbits, posts, and everything else ropable. Small boys kept to stones and posts. Most of the men were good marksmen and had to prove their skill by seeing who could cut an edgewide card in two. But at night every one except the very young danced. Of course there was drinking in moderation but that was, for the most part, to give the bashful swain nerve enough to ask his blessed damosel for the first dance.

One year, however, a consecrated man, Mr. Bloise, happened upon this place and seeing the opportunity for real service among these cowboys and cattlemen, started the unique religious gathering of America—the Cowboy Campmeeting.

These meetings have been going on forty-three years this summer. Grandpa Evans is the only one left of those who came to the very first reunion of the trail blazers; but the children, grandchildren, and great grandchildren with their children came back to this hallowed spot.

Every day for a week there are five services a day and the Sabbath is truly kept. On this day of days there is no riding, picture taking, or any boisterous behavior. The men's prayer-meetings are different

Cowboy Campmeeting

from anything you have ever known. In a clearing in the live oak brush, away from the noise of everything but nature, five or six hundred men meet every day at vespers for prayer and talk of spiritual things. Sometimes the leader is chosen beforehand, sometimes not. There are no seats, but in true cowboy fashion they squat on their boot heels or lean against the base of a tree. Of course, the inevitable whittling of sticks begins and continues as long as the leaser's talk is "going over," but if they stop whittling and begin slowly and methodically to throw little stones on the ground at their feet, the message, as far as acceptance of it is concerned, might just as well be discontinued.

Thousands come for miles to spend the day and attend the meetings. Every one may come in this way and are welcomed to have their meals in the different camps free, but only those who are invited may pitch their tents and sleep on the hallowed grounds. Everything is free. No funds are solicited and nothing is ever said about money. In the uncertain light of morning those, who are privileged to stay there, look out from their tents, upon the distant mass of green pyramids of the mountain tops, which give a false aspect of nearness because of thin pure air. One is inundated by a feeling of quiet strength. Bringing the gaze closer to the immediate surroundings, however, one can see moving shadowy forms slipping about under the "chuck" tent, the evolution of the "chuck" wagon. Some of these figures, whose faces are lighted by the glowing coals of the cooking fires, look like dusky fairy tale gnomes, but as daylight swiftly increases, the forms turn out to be the Mexican cooks, beginning to prepare the food for the day. At meal time each person takes his shining tin plate and tin cup for the inevitable coffee and goes down the huge smoke-blacked griswold kettles whose interiors are filled with hot biscuits, or any other kind of bread you could want, steak, potato chips, scalloped potatoes, cowboy stew, brunswick stew, and any sort of green vegetables; there are also huge bowls of iced lettuce and tomatoes and pickles. The long tables under the trees are made of sweet smelling, fresh-cut pine boards. The cattlemen give their finest beef-cattle to be used here. Huge beeves are hung in screen houses in this pure air without the slightest danger of spoiling.

Cowboy Campmeeting

But the best part of each day, for the young people, especially, is after the last service. It is then that the boys spread the tremendous tarpaulins in the middle of a large clearing. Out here under the full moonlight, the whole camp gathers, bringing with them any instrument they can play, be it Jews harp, or fiddle, and each one after the proper amount of urging displays his talent great or small. Often it is surprisingly great. The cowboy songs and the old love songs, both of which are full of sentiment, are the most popular. And many a happily consummated love has begun in this atmosphere of romance, songs and laughter.

Then comes the last day when they break camp. The last thing which takes place before leaving is the testimony meeting. It is here that they tell the benefits which have been gained from the meeting. The older ones recount story after story of former meetings. "Goodbye" is at long last, softly sung in "God Be With You 'Til We Meet Again." And as these friends part one can hear many a whispered "hasta luego."

The last view that one gets is of a long caravan of mule-drawn uncovered wagons which are piled high with huge whitish rolls of folded tents. The creaking of the huge wooden wheels of the wagons and the sharp crack of the long whips of the Mexican drivers grow fainter and finally one hears them only in imagination.

Cosmopolitan ..... Florence Moffett
Vogue ..... Nell Whitworth
Vanity Fair ..... Jeanette Malloy
Dramatist ..... Josephine Dandridge
Plain Talk ..... Lottie Lane Joyner
Youth's Companion ..... Jane Bradley
Smart Set ..... June Tweed, Nancy Redfern, Dot Tyson
World News ..... Miss Jones
Critic ..... Miss Harrell
Modern Priscilla ..... Mary Jane McBath
Review of Reviews ..... Night Before Tests
Science and Invention ..... Dr. Graham, Dr. Greene
Musical Leader ..... Dr. Ninniss
Filmdom ..... Betty Runkle
Dream World ..... The Evening Rudy Vallee Came to Queens
Physical Culture ..... Ione Smith
Dance ..... Virginia Gilkey
Creative Art ..... Una Ninniss
Good Housekeeping ..... Mrs. Wilson
Child's Life ..... Sue Tyler Jopling
Charlotte Observer ..... Dr. Ingebritsen
Liberty ..... Janie Mae Boykin
Good English ..... Dr. Stout
Judge ..... Dr. Frazer

Queens' News Stand

Mary Dee McMullen

The Poetry of Poe

A Phantasy

Sarah Jane Robinson

In one of his youthful prefaces Poe said, "Poetry to me is a passion and not a purpose." And this is true, for, in the thirty years of his life, a thin volume of forty-eight poems contains all that he has written. He did not write merely for the sake of writing, but he used his lyrical gift to express feelings and moods to which prose could not give utterance. He was true to the antique conception of poetry and, in keeping it distinct from his other literary work, he confirmed his own avowel that it was to him a passion and not a purpose or a pursuit.

The personality of the dreamy, romantic boy who wanted to be an earthly Israfel to the heart-broken, disillusioned man who realized that true happiness could only be found by descending into the Valley of the Shadow is portrayed in his poetry. His early sorrows and his mourning over the graves of affectionate women caused him to believe that the death of a beautiful woman was the most poetic and sacred thing in life. He worships a beauty that is tinged with sadness and pathos. His theme is death, for death is not distasteful nor grim to him, but to his visionary eyes it is beautiful, for he sees beyond into the spirit world. Such poetry could only come from a sensitive spirit, from one who is full of his own joys and sorrows and uttermost yearnings. It is the soul of a musician who creates the weird music, the haunting melodies that seem to come from some other world. "Death, decay, separation are the occasions when Beauty, in flight or about to take its flight, seems the most beautiful; when Love, looking upon us for the last time, turns our love into adoration. 'Nevermore' was not only the refrain of the *Raven,* it was not only a word that loomed terrible and menacing in Poe's thought, it was a doom under the shadow of which Beauty and Love seemed suddenly not of this world but of some other."

Let us in imagination gather about a hearth-stone and, as the flames leap high and burn low, catch visionary glimpses of the life Poe depicted in his poems . . . We see a Mongol Emperor whose name was once on every tongue in the East, a conqueror led on by his own ambitions, he spurned Love and now lies broken, dying, whispering into the ears of a listening priest the story of his life . . . We turn from this scene of death to a light fairy-like figure that dances about and beckons us to follow after. It is the spirit of music and we seem to hear a sound of tinkling bells as it goes . . . The fire burns low and in

The Poetry of Poe
A Phantasy

the embers we see a mystical town aglow with light, not from Heaven but from out the lurid sea, light that streams up the towers and pinnacles and domes. The waves that flow over the city are hideously serene; but suddenly, there is a movement. The towers seem to sink and all Hell rises to do it reverence . . . The fire burns still lower as we gaze into a chamber where lies a beautiful young sleeper. The evening breeze gently wafts the canopy over her. The mystic moon casts shadows on the walls as of ghostly spirits. What is she dreaming there? She is not dreaming; she is dead . . . A funeral procession passes and the mourners pace slowly before us to gather about the tomb of a beautiful woman who died so young . . . With a shudder we turn to stir the fire and in its leaping flames we see a man gazing in fear and wonderment at a bird that has flown in his window and has perched on a bust above his chamber door. Its sonorous "Nevermore" echoes up the chimney and keeps time to the wind as it shrieks outside. We, too, gaze in fascination and add our plea to the poet's that it leave the bust of Pallas, but it answers, "Nevermore" and still is sitting . . . still is sitting . . . Red embers is all that remains of our fire, and we sit back dreamily in our chairs and think of the scenes that have passed before us. Suddenly, in the distance we hear a sound of tinkling sleigh-bells. As it approaches, it becomes mellow and soft. Too soon it changes into a wild, shrieking note of fear and turmoil and our hearts beat faster. But again it dies off into a sombre tolling and a menacing rumble.

Such is the poetry of Poe—sombre, musical, appealing.

America's Debt to Galsworthy

Dorothy Foard

Out of the large number of contemporary English novelists there would certainly be no error in the selection of John Galsworthy as the outstanding figure. His peculiar merits and abilities place him at the forefront of the literary world. This preeminence is not confined to England alone but represents the consensus of opinion on the Continent, where the Nobel prize was awarded him as a symbol of his European popularity. From all lips arise the praises of the genius who has given his stories of England and the English a message which is in harmony with the ambitions and emotions of other lands.

The reading public of the United States likewise awards to him the highest laurels. Perhaps no novelist of the century could boast of higher acclaim from the American people. Our recognition of Galsworthy is widespread and may be considered as based on the two-fold significance of his novels in relation to our country.

First, what we may designate as Galsworthy's "social conscience"—his presentation of an old, established English culture as a warning to America, with its comparatively new social heritage. In this period of chaos, the idea of responsibility may appear ludicrous, yet Galsworthy uses this as a keynote—an underlying motive. Through each division of the *Forsyte Saga* runs a thread of solidity as expressed in property and property sense. Soames, the "Man of Property," is representative of this possessive instinct, an instinct which affects his relations with his wife, his family and all society. As the novel develops the gradual changes in the family, the gradual separation from the old traditions are felt. Galsworthy recognizes class distinction as inevitable and treats this phase of life in a scientific manner. In his opinion, success and misfortune are alloted to us merely within the limitations of our social barriers. There are certain situations and complications which arise as consequences yet the classes cannot be mingled or meet on a common ground. Old Mr. Stone and the young Freelands in *Fraternity,* show the futility of the attempt to leap this barrier.

In contrast to the definite solidity of the Saga, Galsworthy depicts in his *Modern Comedy,* the new regime—a period of change, doubt and uncertainty. Where the Saga represents an age of morality in act, if not in thought, the *Modern Comedy* presents the disintegration of many old and time-honored ideals, with the erection of a new era on

the basis of destruction of all which has been revered and held sacred. With these universal revelations of social relations and problems, Galsworthy strikes a responsive note in the American mind which can grasp the significance of the message.

America's Debt to Galsworthy

The second angle of our obligation to Galsworthy is included in his representation of our own heritage under slightly different environment. We are essentially English people. Our heritage is English—we differ only in surroundings. In Galsworthy's remarkable picture of upper middle class life in England, we see ourselves under different circumstances. His English characters could easily be American. In the *White Monkey,* Michael Mont, the cynical, yet sentimental, post-war youth might easily have been one of our own Smiths or Browns. We find frequently the American counterpart of Fleur—beautiful, yet dangerous—destroying whatever life she touches. James, who complains that they never tell him anything, could be transferred to our literature as the symbol of an old, decaying generation whose usefulness is a thing of the past. Jon, Irene, Jolyon—these and other of Galsworthy's characters claim our attention, paralleling, as they do, the racial personalities of our own nation. To an observant and thoughtful reader, the reading of Galsworthy's racial history is a fascinating chronicle of the might-have-been in our own development.

To sum up our debt to England's great novelist, we may fittingly use the words of one of his critics:

"The stories reprinted in a continuous narrative, make a prose epic, dealing with the contrasting ideas of beauty and property, that forms a positive, powerful and permanent contribution to the social history of England and the literature of the English speaking race."

Among the Authors

Preferences of a Librarian

The Librarian prefers the Smiths to the Joneses—decidedly. It was Frederick Smith who wrote a charming editorial some days ago in *The Charlotte Observer* on the early spring flowers in the Calvinistic Lhasa[1]. It was Elsie Hall Smith whose clever letter about her succulent "long green" (on a bank akin to that where the wild tyme grows), her "gold" carrots, and her "silver" onions found its way to the letter-page of the *Times*. And, as his Oirda once wrote to Pierre Loti about his own writing, I can find no fault with the writing of H. M. K. Smith whose oriental stories appeared some years ago in the *North American Review*. Indeed, what is more, I claim the latter Smith as my friend and through him follow the movements of Herschel Brickel[2], publisher, critic, and (after he has seen certain sizeable snakes of Florida or clamored uncertainly up some rocky, Spanish slope) scribbler of atrociously bad English.

All of which "Apertif"[3] is by way of "stopping one of three" or arresting attention. The wherefore, at least a part of it, is to say that our wide-awake Thelma Stone, the President's secretary, has made a most poetical translation of the *Journal Intime* of Pierre Loti. The *Journal* was published some years ago by the son of that picturesque vagabond in three copies of *La Petit Illustration*. Miss Stone has reproduced the ink sketches of this publication, and her first third of the work constitutes one of the interesting treasures of the college library.

Very much ink has flowed this spring on the subjects of economics and politics. The magazines are full of little else. The *Bookman*[4] for March is happily and exception to this state of affairs. Therein are two interesting articles: one, by James Whitall, headed "Working with George Moore" and, the other, "A Friend of Walt Whitman" by Sculley Bradley. If one happens to be a Whitman enthusiast—I am—the latter article proves fascinating. The lilac bushes which Whitman

1. Lhasa is Tibetan; the Chinese equivolent is Fo-li, meaning Buddha-land. A Mr. Cash, born near Shelby, N. C., who worked on the *Observer* staff has recently satirized the people of Charlotte in an article entitled "A Close View of a Calvinistic Lhasa" in the American Mercury.
2. Mr. Brickel, connected with Holt Publishing Co. was born in Yazoo City, Miss., and happens to have been taught by our Miss Olive Jones.
3. W. A. DeWitt's title—signature in N. Amer. Review.
4. This is a swan-song issue. THE BOOKMAN, begun in 1895, has been a literary and critical magazine. It has not been able to weather the gale, and has been bought by a neo-classicist group of men who wish to be known as conservatives. Their magazine, *The American Review*, has somewhat of an economic character, also, it appears.

doubtless planted at the old Stafford House on Maple Avenue at Laurel Springs, New Jersey, still bloom. Reading the piece caused me to blow the dust from my little Everyman edition of *"Leaves of Grass"* and read what Whitman declares he will have for his gods: "Thought of the Infinite, The Ideal Man, Death . . . all heroisms, aught of mightiest, best, I see, conceive, or know." Incidentally, one wonders why people exalt the bird poetry of Shelley and Wordsworth and neglect "Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking" whose pathos, springing from the impermanency of earthly life and from the grief of the brown thrush who has lost his mate, has undeniable universal appeal. "Democratic Vistas" would not be inappropriate to our times, for the "Good Gray Poet" has much to teach us about Companionship and Democracy. Were he living he might, like Elsie Hall Smith, think this is a good time to nail the Stars and Stripes to a lima bean pole!

Preferences of a Librarian

The passage from Whitman which Lloyd Douglass, in *Forgive Us Our Trespasses,* chose for Dinny to recall (after he had repudiated cynicism) doesn't seem particularly meritorious any more than the book, apart from its Gothic title, seems meritorious. The author does draw a good picture of Dinny's early home: that of his uncle whose calling wasn't any guarantee of his divinity. Nor does he do so badly with Dinny himself as a case-study of a sensitive boy who has all kinds of misfortunes, including that of being born. Inherited pride made his problem of forgiveness toward his patrician father an especially hard one, and it was his sainted mother, having died at his birth, who finally through a deathbed letter concealed in a secret drawer of her hand-carved desk, brought about his salvation of spirit. The desk itself might be looked upon as symbolic, if one chooses to put on Hawthorne glasses, for being an expression of a noble family heritage with respect to wood-carving, it stands as an expression of the ultimate triumph of something that is worthy.

Janet Ayer Fairbank (a sister-in-law of Margaret Ayer Barnes—I don't understand the connection) has recently written *The Bright Land,* a story of American life in the West during the presidency of Andrew Jackson. The title comes from Clough's line, "But westward, look, the land is bright." Abbey-Delight was sent by her father, stern

Preferences of a Librarian

Mr. Flagg, who was synonymous in her mind with Fate, to a New England Female Academy where the pupils studied Sacred History and where they went out of doors on Sunday only for Divine Service. Thundered at by her father because of one lover, she throws herself into the arms of another whom she had known but shortly and journeys west by canal boat and stage-coach with him. Stephen Blanchard was boisterous, but well-meaning; so, after all, Abbey-Delight had a not unhappy life with her husband and her children. *Bright Land,* written in the same vein as the novels of Bess Streeter Aldrich, is not a remarkable novel; yet it's a good piece of historical fiction to be mentioned as parallel for this period in United States history.

"To Tell You the Truth" along with Leonard Merrick, there isn't a book in this lot that the Librarian would trade for one sight of our lovely campus, white with dogwood and spirea; or the sight of the azaleas at the Duke Place; or, a far-off view of the Ivey yard, gorgeous with tulips.

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